

Feels like home, stay in bed. by kotaro_kun

Series: [It's Nice to Have a Friend \[4\]](#)

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Original Characters, Original Tozier Character(s), Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

"They are such autumn kids, Eddie thought looking at them. Dark hair, messy and unruly just like the leaves outside, stormy eyes, pale skin with at least three red scratches on each, crimson like their cheeks and lips. At the same time that they had that shining aura — like they had said, the food smelled orange — and they glowed amber. Like sunshine after rain. With sugar and cinnamon-sticky fingers, chubby faces, fuzzy socks and shrieks of laughter and joy that lighted the house like daylight. They were just like the wind that messed up

the pine trees wherever they went, and blew out the fog out of their souls.

The way that just like October, they got into their blood. Unapologetically. Ruthlessly."

*

"Merry Halloween!" Kian screamed, followed by his brothers.

Eddie sighed holding a fond smile in place, seating beside his husband who had a mouth just as full as the kids, cheering with them.

Feels like home, stay in bed.

Author's Note:

omg the final part of this series, i may cry - hold on. There was no angst too! this was amazing, i LOVED writing it, i hope you guys enjoyed just as much reading it! Please comment it would make me very happy!

For information: Kaito is the oldest, Kylo the middle kid and Kian the younger. They're Triple K. Tozier, yes.

There will be some headcanons at the End Notes! Read it!

[My tumblr!](#)

[My twitter!](#)

I've decided to add a fifth part to this series!

[Hot summer nights, mid July;](#)

Is just Richie gushing over Eddie's beauty and realizing he is very in love with him!

"It's fascinating how we're taught that 'home' is this tangible place, the most simply defined of terms —

it's a house,

a postcode,

a country.

And yet sometimes home cannot be explained by a street number;

sometimes it's a face, a voice,

a laugh more honest and familiar

than any truth you have ever known.[...]"

It's october. It's autumn. And the triplets birthday.

Eddie stands leaned against the kitchen counter, pressed golden from the morning light, sipping his almond milk matcha latte while the autumn glow of soft orange sunlight seeped through the glass doors and pooled on the floor and the top of the counters, sniffing the warmth and dampness from the sliver of steam coming from the mug and taking in the late fall in New Jersey. Watching the trees and leaves on the floor of their lawn. *Is a true autumn day*, he thought with a small grin on the border of the mug.

Leaves rained from the sky, in colors of red, brown, orange, yellow, sometimes even purple and pink, nature using their backyard as a blank canvas for it to lay it's art upon. Through the glass wall that separated it from the kitchen he could see two fluffy balls running around, splashing colors everywhere in their haste to play with the fallen leaves and roll in the damp grass. He preferred not to think about how their fur would be when he called them back inside.

From there he could also hear the rustle of the triplets starting to wake up, if he closed his eyes he could visualize Kian rolling on top of his blankets only to stop and stare at the floor, arm dangling from the bed, not awake enough yet to remember to call out his brothers.

It only lasted a minute though, soon enough he heard a little army of

footsteps above him, pase fast just like an ants, running in the corridors before three distinguished shrieks and a grunt was heard, the rattle of their bed making its way to the first floor with the adicional of the extra weigh so suddenly.

Even after he had removed the baked goods out of the oven and called RainDrop and SunBeam back inside, rastily removing the little sticks and leaves from their fur, he could still hear the excited chatter from upstairs.

He climbed the stairs to the main room balancing a breakfast tray in his hands, the crispy aroma of apples and cinnamon following him, like the dogs who seemed adamant on making him trip over them and spill everything.

“Papa! Happy birthday!”

“Whoa whoa whoa, hold up squirt!” Richie yelled, grabbing Kian by the waist in midair, just as he was read to collapse on top of Edie and their breakfast.

He remembered one remarkable day when Kian was the last of the three to wake up for the first time, while his brothers were already downstairs eating breakfast. Richie had stayed by the side of his crib to check if he was sick at the same time making a home video to record this notorious moment. What he got was a confused eighteen-months-old Kian, calling out “*wakey-wakey* ” to his brothers — only to receive silence in his response, before dashing out of the room screaming their names while bawling his eyes out, without even noticing his father by his side, silently laughing at the poor baby.

Needless to say that it *never* happened again. He was always the first to wake up. After Eddie of course.

Eddie liked to wake up early, his favorite hours were the morning ones. He liked the quiet hush in the air, even when there wasn't three kids screaming and two dogs barking and a husband who liked to share every detail of his days with him.

He liked to wake up, do his morning routine in the bathroom, sip his beverage of choice and just bask in the shades the dawn had to offer to him, without interference. His 'me' time. To do yoga, meditate and be grateful to finally have a home.

Not like the almost-home that the airport was to him for years — and still is,— where he'll always be tired and pissed off, or the streets of New York where you would find him or yelling at a cab from inside his huge Escalade, or strolling down the sidewalks shopping. The moments when he felt he was *almost* home.

After the early days when he had nothing, not a home, not a comfort. Everything was a mess and too fast. Days when he would spend three hours inside the bathroom, getting ready in the morning, because he knew that when he walked down the stairs another five boys just as pretty and thin as him would be watching. But he would laugh with them sometimes and drink, and regret so much later, *because you drank in a empty stomach again Eddie and this vodka has as much calories as a sandwich, you idiot*. Days where he would get out of the house, appearing effortless pretty to the cameras in the streets but he would be the only one to know how long he spent on his knees that morning and how much concealer was under his eyes. How much he had been torn between missing the familiar — the claws of his mother —, and having an immense urge for the foreign and strange, even if it came at a price.

The loneliness of traveling half the time and knowing he had nothing to come back to. When the thoughts of Richie would come to him and he would think “I’m busy right now”; knowing it wasn’t a lie.

He *was* busy.

He was busy with breathing exercises, he was busy silencing the voice inside his head, he was busy fighting with the scale in the bathroom, he was busy calming his heart, he was busy trying to be *okay* .

It took him so long to build the half-home, half-peace, half-happiness he had.

And then one day he snapped. He snapped out of his bubble and met with Richie, not sure what he would find and terrified of being met with rejection and resentment. But he was busy. Richie would understand, because he could have contacted Eddie too. And in the months that followed that meeting they were both busy with each other, noticing how much work they still had left to go through together. Until the day they realized what’s important — their friends; what’s not — other’s opinions, how far they’ve come and how proud they were of each other. What they had become. He could only describe the feeling of reconnecting with Richie as the same feeling of *relief* when you find a wall or furniture you can cling onto after spending what felt like an eternity, searching alone in a dark room.

Eddie laughed, carefully making his way towards the bed, with three (four if you counted Richie) kids clinging to him trying to pick in the

tray; “Happy birthday to you!” He presented the breakfast he had made, which was just an assort of all the baked sweets they favored on this time of year — but a homemade, slightly healthier version Beverly had helped him bake the night before, all piled up together, the ones who added together would equal the amount of sugar he would usually let the four of them eat in a week. But it was their birthday, you only turn four once. “It’s your birthday, not mine.”

“Yeah, daddy just told us.” Kylo reminded his brother with an unimpressed face while simultaneously grabbing a piece of tart.

“He said our party is going to be on Halloween!” Kaito screeched, throwing his arms up and Eddie tried not to scowl at the crumbs flying everywhere.

“Merry Halloween!” Kian screamed, followed by his brothers.

Eddie sighed holding a fond smile in place, seating beside his husband who had a mouth just as full as the kids, cheering with them.

Eddie kissed his cheek, rough with stubble, nuzzling into his jaw. “Thank you for entertaining them.” He whispered, tucking himself under the covers with Richie.

“No. Thank you! Look at this!” Richie exclaimed picking up a caramel blondie Eddie had made, one of Richie’s favorites he knew.

“What’s that?” Kylo said, getting on his knees and hands to smell the cake, like a dog.

“A blondie.” Eddie answered, reaching out to tuck his child’s wild black curls out of his eyes.

“Like papa?” Kian said and Richie snorted.

“Yes little man, like papa.”

“Kylo?” Kaito called, sipping milk from his sippy cup, “What color does it smell for you? It smells orange to me.”

The middle child nodded, “Yeah like pumpkin smell, and carrot.”

“And cinnamon.” Kian added biting into a cinnamon roll and the three hummed, agreeing with their little brother.

He knows it’s cliché, but if someone told him that on his thirties he would be here, in bed with the love of his life since he was, maybe, thirteen with his three healthy, smart and rowdy children and his two spoiled dogs, in a house bigger than any they had seen in their old town, a comfortable house, not plagued with the kind of silence that haunted their childhood houses — places supposed to be happy ones: He would’ve cried. And cursed the person. And most likely punched them too.

Eddie was now thirty-three, with three kids, two puppies and a husband. (And two houses bigger than any back in their hometown.)

“Papa?”

“Yes, sweetheart?” He blinked, glancing at Kian, noticing that all four were looking at him.

“I’m four! Did you like four?”

“No!” Kaito jumped in. “Ask him what his favorite age is, so we can be it next time!”

He remembered people asking him if he missed being a kid or a teenager and how he would smile curtly and think that he hadn’t reached favorite yet, not with his mother traumatizing him from infancy, not with his puberty in a homophobic town, not with his adulthood with anorexia and bulimia, in a strange big city where people fawned over his sick body.

Because when that question was asked not one part of his life was a good one, not for people like him, who was always looking forward to a favorite day in the future, hoping for what destiny’s got saved for him — learning the hard way that sometimes destiny’s about what we need and not what we want—, holding their breath until they got there.

And he got there.

"Every one after twenty-three was a good age." He smiled. And Richie beside him did too, hiding it on Eddie's shoulder.

People says it happens and it indeed does. One day you wake up and you look at where you are in life and it clicks: "*I begged for this, I prayed for this, and now it's happening. I'm happy.*" You are in this place where everything feels right, with the warmth around you. You're at peace. Eddie was at peace ever since he married. And his soul was lighter ever since having Kaito, Kylo and Kian.

Not only because of the happiness they brought to his life but because they made him learn somethings: parents know shit about what they're doing. They're just trying to get their children in one piece by the time they leave for college.

Eddie saw that in him when he would prohibited the triplets from eating sweets in birthday parties, or insisting on disinfecting their hands after they've touched the ground or a stair railing.

They're just trying to assist their children in having the easiest and happiest life possible, while simultaneously going after their happy life.

He saw this on Richie, during summer when he was able to come home before the kids bedtime only five times. He saw this in the defeated curve of his lover spine, out in the back porch of their Los Angeles house smoking, looking at the skyline. The city on the horizon that was his almost-home for years.

"That town don't grow on you. It grows inside you. In your soft belly, an old oak with too many roots tangled up in your guts."

It made him forgive her.

"Is she spending thanksgiving with you this year?"

"No."

He also learned that you can forgive someone and not want anything to do with them. *"It's for past reconciliation,"* he told his therapist on a wednesday, right after the triplets turned two. *"Not for future consideration."*

Cutting contact with his mom at first was like going on cold turkey. But after all the miserable hardships and the glimpse of freedom he couldn't go back to what it was. Everytime he thought about it he wondered how did he tolerate that?

People forget that abuse is damaging but the aftermath is permanent. The body heals, and the mind too but it always leaves scars behind.

Eddie had to grow like a desert flower, in the cruelest weather, holding to every bit of rain blessed up on him — just to stay alive. But it's not enough to survive. He want his kids to live. And he know Richie wants too. He wanted to show all the colors and wonderful things inside them, wanted them to see all they could become.

They were going to spend thanksgiving with the Losers and their children. Every holiday season the Toziers and the Hanscoms would temporarily move to their New Jersey houses, where they would spend the Fashion Week season (Ben, his mom and Richie were real champions) and celebrate the end of year festivities.

He would never allow his children to be exposed to people like his mother.

Last week they went to the pumpkin patch. The kids rolled on the ground, and hugged rotten pumpkins to their chests that looked *“just like the ones in the Nightmare ‘fore Cuistmas, papa!”* and Eddie only wrinkled his nose and laughed, while Richie hugged Kaito and Kian to his chest saying they should dress up as the Oogie’s Boys, with Kaito yelling he wanted to be Shock. And that’s how the theme of their birthday party was decided. And why they were watching The Nightmare Before Christmas for the 86th time.

“We should be parents,” Richie whispered in Eddie’s ear in a mocking voice, as they had settled in bed after eating the breakfast watching the movie while the triplets recited every. single. line. “Why stay out until 3am and dress sexy for Halloween, when we can go as Jack and Sally to our kids birthday party and drink Capri Sun?”

“Shut up, we’re going to that SNL party. And you went to pick them from daycare still dressed as Slash last year.”

“And half-drunk.” Richie reminded, smirking lazily.

“Shhhhh!” Kylo turned with a scowl looking at them with the death glare, before going back to the movie.

They are such autumn kids, Eddie thought looking at them. Dark hair, messy and unruly just like the leaves outside, stormy eyes, pale skin with at least three red scratches on each, crimson like their cheeks and lips. At the same time that they had that shining aura — like they had said, the food smelled orange — and they glowed amber. Like sunshine after rain. With sugar and cinnamon-sticky fingers, chubby faces, fuzzy socks and shrieks of laughter and joy that lighted the house like daylight. They were just like the wind that messed up the pine trees wherever they went, and blew out the fog out of their souls.

The way that just like October, they got into their blood. Unapologetically. Ruthlessly.

“[...] We’re taught that in its most literal sense, home is where we live and grow.

*But one day, in the silence that follows nostalgic stories and subsequent laughter,
you may realise that you never did more living or growing than when you
had certain people by your side.*

*And suddenly,
you are home.”*

Author's Note:

Headcanons as promised!

- Eddie's a successful model, one of the highest paid male models in the world;

- He DOES fashion week and runaway;

- Lots and lots of campaigns too;

- After he retires from modeling he starts his own clothe line;

- Richie became an actor and a director (still is a comedian, he loves doing stand up);

- He directed some movies based on Bill's books;

- They had another baby, a girl but with Eddie's genes, she's a winter baby. So Richie is a Spring man, Eddie's a Summer and the Triple K. are Autumn boys;

- I think her name is Kotys (the goddess of wildeness, but she's a polite princess, actually), Richie chose it again but Eddie left it slide because they can call her Koko;

- Richie is crazy about her as are the boys, they love their baby sister;

- Eddie and Beverly loves to dress her up;

- Eddie and Beverly are incredibly close because of their careers on fashion;

- The Hanscoms and Toziers spend since the beggining of September till January together in the same neighbourhood;

- All the Losers try to travel together on Summer, or at least a weekend getaway;

- Ben and Bev had four girls; They're as wild as the Triple K; one of the girls is about the same age as Kotys and Georgie;

- All the Losers are very close still, Stan takes care of Eddie's and Richie's finances and all, Ben designed both of their houses, Bill and Stan lives in the same

neighbourhood as they in L.A and their kids have sleepovers all the time;

-By the way, they have a boy named George, a sweet and polite kid who gets along very well with Kotys;

-They all get together for Thanksgiving;

-Mike became a writer too! He writes about his trips, and for some magazines. he basically gets paid to travel;

-He never married, happy to spend life traveling and are the kids favorite uncle because he brings gifts from all over the world, visits often and shows them lots of animals.

So that's all, hope you guys enjoyed it! If you wanna talk twitter @bakuzeira tumblr: kotaro-kun. Bye, bye, thank you for reading!